

A N
Heroick Poem
ON THE
CORONATION
OF THE
High and Mighty
MONARCH
JAMES II.
King of England, &c.

—*Cæsar*
Imperium Oceano, Famam qui terminet Astris.

By E. SETTLE.

L O N D O N,
Printed by J. L. for Benjamin Needham, in Duck-Lane,
MDC LXXXV.

Heroick Poem



Taylor fund

CORONATION

OF THE

King and his

MONARCH

JAMES II

King of England &c

— Caesar
The Roman Empire & the Roman Empire

BY E. ZETTLER

LONDON

Printed by J. L. for Benjamin Newman, in Duck-Lane,

MDCCLXXXV



A N

Heroick Poem

ON THE

CORONATION

OF

King JAMES II.

LET our joyn'd shouts their solemn Duties pay,
 For 'tis *Britannia's* sacred Nuptial Day.
 The Royal Bridegroom puts the Diadem on,
 And Weds a Kingdom when he wears a Crown:
 Whilst our loud transports, the great Rites Pro-
 Our Bone-fires all for Bridal Torches Flame: (claim;
 And all the joys our ravish'd Souls inspire,
 Make but one universal *Hymeneal* Quire.
 Nor are Three Kingdoms all th' Attendant Train,
 T' inaugurate, Great *JAMES*, thy prosperous Raigh:
 For see Blest *CHARLES* his *Guardian Angels* there,
 A God-like Rival Host, the Ceremony share.
 Their Tutelary Powers surround Thy Throne,
 And His Disbanded *Wonders* lift Thy own:
 Whose ushering Glories in the Front appear;
 They lead the Van, and we bring up the Rear.
 Hail, blest *Britannia*! happiest Envyed Bride!
 Behold the great Imperial *Gordian* Ty'd
 Honor and Triumph, all Divinely bright,
 Unbounded Charms, Ineffable Delight,
 All in one sum to Thy vast Portion fall;
 One Coronation Vow has Seal'd them all.

Vows of that Binding Force, that Wondrous Power,
 Shall make soft Peace thy Everlasting Dower,
 And all Heavens choicest Darling Blessings shower.
 He vows and makes it *Fate*, (Great *JAMES*, for Thee,
 To plight Thy Faith, for God is to *Decree*.)
 Act but *THY* Part, *Britannia*, keep but Thou
 Thy Wishes Chast, and thy sworn Duty True,
 And enjoy all that tenderest Love can grant,
 And hold thy Faithful Lord in Bonds of Adamant.
 Revel in all the Scenes of endless Bliss,
 The Sweets of an unbounded Paradise.
 No flaming Sword shall bar thy *Eden* Gate,
 If no false Serpent tempt thee to thy *Fate*,
 Nor thy own Fall does thy own Ruine date.

No, fair *Britannia*; prize thy Wealth but well,
 And make Thy Treasure Inexhaustible.
 To give Thee Bliss Divine, from *JAMES* his Throne,
 Is the Great Work of Heaven's kind Hand alone;
 To make that Bliss Immortal, is Thy own.
Safety and *Peace* shall in his Sun-beams play,
 Whilst He's the God of our long *Halcyon*-Day.
 Great *JAMES*, reserved by Providence to out-do
 His Pious *Sire*, and Glorious *Brother* too;
 Beneath the Foot-stool of his Throne shall tread
 Our long Enchanting Fatal Sorc'ry dead.
 His single Scepter shall that *Period* gain,
 Unreach'd by all his great Fore-father's Reign.
 The Painted Dangers and Fictitious Fears,
 The Tub-Cant of almost a Hundred Years:
 That long portentous Phantom hush'd and still'd,
 The dreaded Lyon, even with *Sampson's* Honey fill'd;
 All this the great pacifick *JAMES* shall do;
 All this our whole converted World shall view,
 Bless the great *Author*, and th' Auspicious Day,
 And blush their Follies and their Shame away.
Imposture now with all her ranc'rous Rage,
 For ever hift from off the *British* Stage,
Reason and *Truth* shall our seal'd Eyes unblind,
 Not one poor *Titus*-Profelyte left behind.
 So when th' Almighty *Hebrew* Child was Born,
 Immaculate *TRUTH* began her glorious Morn:

Whilst

Whilst the old Fiend, the *Pagan Oracle*,
 Was silenced down to his own Native Hell.
 Our World, Great Reconciling *JAMES*, in Thee
 And thy blest Reign, shall equal Glories see :
 The Croaking Imp of Jealousie and Fear,
 That more than Hell-born Popular Prince o' th' Air,
 Shall all his false Prophetick Dreams give o're,
 And his Infernal Trump shall sound no more :
 Whilst FAITH unshaken, *Mercy* infinite,
Justice immoveable, unbyast *Right*,
Honour untainted, all the dazling Train
 Of Min'istring Graces to his wondrous Reign,
 Shall with that Bright stupendious Glory come,
 Shall strike the Bold Phanatick Divel dumb.

'Mongst the Triumphant Crowds that Celebrate
 This great Days splendid Coronation State ;
 His shining Pomp, and the more radiant Gems,
 His *Vertues*, that out-shine his *Diadems* ;
 Th' Harmonious Notes reach even Heaven's Echo'ing Towers,
 Welcom'd by all Great *JAMES* his *Kindred Powers*.
 The very *Rubyes* in the MARTYR's *Crown*,
 Even a new glittering sparkling Fire put on :
 Whilst His Transported Great Immortal *SIRE*,
 Such vast Paternal Extasies inspire ;
 Till Foremost in the whole *Seraphick Quire*,
 He leads a solemn *Hallelujah* round,
 To Consecrate his best-loved Off-spring Crown'd ;
 A Son whose Hand shall crush the Serpents Head,
 That stung the Royal *Murdred Father Dead*.
 With no less Joy his Heaven-Crown'd *BROTHER* sings,
 The Best of Subjects, now the Best of Kings.
 His Matchless *Loyalty*, Ever-burning *Love*,
BROTHER and *FRIEND*, still sacred Names above,
 With that Ascending Fragrant Incense fly,
 As reach his Hallow'd Throne, and perfume all the Sky.
 Well He remembers in that fatal Hour,
 When weeping *England* saw her *CHARLES* no more,
 How the Great *JAMES* like Great *Elisha* stood,
 With Hands up-lift, and Sorrows streaming Flood !
 With rended Garments, and a trickling shower
 Of melting Tears, he wailed the parting Hour !

Till from above behold the opening Sky,
 The *Fiery Steeds* and *Flaming Chariot* fly:
 Here a whole bursting, drowning, Deluge fell,
 Such were the Eyes that took their last Farewel.
 In vain he cries, alas ! in vain he calls ;
 Grasping the *Wondrous Mantle* as it falls ;
 With Divine *Transmigrating Glories* fired ; (inspired
 Fill'd with the *Mounting God*, with the **WHOLE CHARLES**
 This he remembers, and for Joys yet more
 Sublime, He turns Heavens sacred Volume o're ;
 Reads what the Book of *Fate* for *JAMES* writes down,
 And Blesses, as he Reads, the *Head*, and *Crown* :
 Whilst his own Race, like the great *Moses*, run,
Union and *Concord* but by **CHARLES** begun ;
 That God-like *Josuah* fills his Royal Seat,
 Who his unfinish'd *Wonders* shall complete.

Yet not the spacious *Empyrean* Round,
 Cou'd this prodigious Days vast Glory bound ;
 Even Envies Court the Loud-tongu'd Raptures shake,
 Descending down to the Infernal Lake.
 For Heav'n's Best Joys, Hell's bitterest Torments make.

Amongst the Mighty Potentates below,
 Alarm'd, and stagger'd, at this dreadful Blow ;
 The *Noble Peer* felt the most killing Wound,
 Strook even with new Damnation at the sound :
 His hissing Snakes all their whole Poisons pour,
 Rage, Anguish, Gall, Death, Horror, Fury ; more
 Than his Tap run in fifty Years before.

Amongst the gnashing Teeth, and wringing Hands,
 Lo ! *Burnet's* great *Reforming Pupil* stands :
 Whilst the Great *JAMES* his Coronation Fame,
 With that uncommon Blast of Thunder came ;
 His burning Veins with hotter Torments glow
 Than at the Pangs of *Ketches* trebble blow.
 Nay, even the half-relenting *Essex* there,
 Some sounds of Discontent could scarce forbear :
 The murmuring Accents he began to try ;
 But his Throat gaped, and half the Breath went by.

The universal grief went round so fast,
 As to a solemn General Mourning past.

Even Sabler Shades hung round the dismal Cell ;
 (If possible to add new *Blacks* to *Hell* .)
 But the most hideous Figure of Despair,
 Was to behold a wither'd Beldam there ;
 The GOOD OLD CAUSE, the dying *Sidney's* Saint,
 And *Proserpine's* long Bosom Confident.
 Whilst for a Garb, to suit her doleful Tears,
 All hanging o're her gloomy Brow, she wears
 (Grief's darkest Dress, her ever deepest Cloud,)
 A tatter'd Veil, made of *Noll's Tyburn* Shrowd.
 In her Right Hand, an old scrawl'd List she held,
 With full-mouth'd, keenest Execrations fill'd,
 To pay off *Pagan Popery's* old Scores,
 Call'd all a thousand Scarlet *Babel* Whores ;
 Because at *Worc'ster* the *Apostate* fell,
 And Commenc'd *Antichrist* at *Boscobel*.
 Over her Head, for this Days Sorrows fit,
 Was the unfortunate EXCLUSION Writ :
 Large the Memorial Characters were made ;
 For 'twas *Exclusion HELL's* Foundation laid.
GOD to *Exclude* was *Lucifer's* first Guilt,
 For which sole Crime this *Burning Jayl* was built.
Damnation form'd to pay *Exclusion's* Hire ;
Exclusion the first spark that light' Hell Fire.

Thus Seated and Arrayed, her Flesh all rent,
 She gave her most ungovern'd Wailings vent.
 With louder Howls than even her Funeral cries,
 At her dear *Ignoramus* Obsequies.
 Her wild Distractions with full Torrents flow,
 And all *Idea's* crowd to heighten *Woe*.
 The very *Fire* does but new Torments make,
 For the remember'd curst *Newmarket* sake :
 And every Brimstone Flash call's a new Groan,
 For the defeated *Rumbold Musquetoon*.
 Amidst each bellowing Pang, and crying Yell,
 As the salt Brine down her hag'd Furrows fell ;
 In vain, with a torn Handkercher, once dip'd
 In Royal Gore, her *Bloodshot Eyes* she wip'd.

But leave, my wearied Muse, this humble Flight :
 From these Republick Owles, and Bats of Night,

Visit the Region of Great *JAMES* once more,
Where the proud Royal mounting Eagles soare.

But for new Beams of brighter Glories fill,
Not *JOVE* himself the Mighty Scene can fill.
Behold the Great Imperial *JUNO* Crown'd,
With all her beauteous Constellation round :
The Sovereign Goddess so divinely Fair,
That even adoring Angels worship there :
Such Myriads of Attracting Graces Reign,
As half unpeople Heav'n to fill Her Train.
There *MONARCHY*, with all her pow'ful Darts
Sits Crown'd to captive *Souls* ; here *BEAUTY*, *Hearts*.
To make an universal Triumph shine,
It is but just their equal Powers should joyn,
The *Great* and *Fair* in One Imperial Robe :
CÆSAR and *BEAUTY* ever share the Globe ;
Between 'em both their Conquering Lightning hurl'd,
The equal Masters of the vanquish'd World.

This Ravishing Scene all Loyal dazled Eyes
Shall smiling see, whilst bursting Treason dyes ;
Whilst our poor sculking little *won'd-be-King*
Dwindles to that lost despicable thing,
As shall even *Dangerfield* with Envy view,
The *Princlier Perkin Warbeck* of the Two.

FINIS.

